THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.
S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 7, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1045.

Gems of Magazines.

From the Ladies Companion, for August.

The Cocoa-Nut Tree.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! the green and the graceful! the cocoa-nut tree!
The lone and the lofty—it loves like me
The flash—the foam of the heaving sea,
And the sound of the surging waves,
In the shore's unfathomed caves.
With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
And its fruit in clusters drooping down;
Some of a soft and tender green,
And some all ripe and brown between;
And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace,
Like a blush thro' the tresses on Beauty's face.
Oh! the lovely—the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The willow—it waves with a tender motion,
The oak and the elm with more majesty rise?
But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see,
Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree;

...

That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells.
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids like rose-buds there.
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms, she joys to deck.
Oh! wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

Niagara, July, 1841.

From Graham's Magazine, for August.

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

Cutting Out.

We had now been several months at sea, and, although our stores had been more than once replenished from the prizes we had taken, our provisions began to grow scarce. The skipper accordingly announced his intention of going into port. We bore up, therefore, for Charleston, that being the most convenient harbor.

My emotions on approaching the place where Beatrice resided, I shall not attempt to describe. A full year had passed since we had parted, and in all that time I had heard of her but once. Might she not now be married to another! The proverbial fickleness of her sex; the known opposition of her family to my suit; her uncertainty whether I still continued to care for her, or whether even I was yet alive; and a thousand other reasons why she might be unfaithful to me, rose up before me to torture me with doubts. But most of all, I reflected on our different situations in society. She was rich, courted, allied to rank—I was poor, unknown, and a rebel officer. Many a night as I lay in my solitary hammock, or trod my silent watch on deck, the fear that I might find Beatrice the wife of another, ...

... beautiful than ever. Her cheek was flushed, her step was quick and eager, and her eyes shone with a joy that could not be affected. She advanced several steps into the room, when, perceiving no one, she gazed inquiringly around, with a look, I thought, of disappointment. I moved from the recess. She turned quickly around at the noise, blushed over brow, neck and bosom, and, with a faint cry of joy, sprang forward, and was locked the next instant in my arms.

"Beatrice—my own, my beautiful!"

"Harry—dear Harry!" were our mutual exclamations, and then, locked in each other's embrace, for a moment we forgot in our rapture to speak.

At length we awoke from this trance of delight, and found leisure for rational conversation. Sitting side by side on the sofa, with our hands locked together, and our eyes looking as it were into each other's souls, we recounted our mutual histories since our separation. With mine the reader is already acquainted. That of Beatrice was naturally less chequered, but yet it was not without interest.

I have said that an alliance had been projected between Beatrice and her cousin, and that Mr. Rochester had placed his whole soul on the consummation of this project. The consciousness of my interest in the heart of Beatrice had induced their conduct toward myself, under the hope that if once separated from her, I would be eventually forgotten by Miss Derwent. Time, however, proved how false had been this hope. Instead of prospering in ...

... from her, and inducing her to give up wealth and luxury for the bare comforts an officer's pay could afford; and yet her love was such a priceless gem, and she looked up to me with such unreserved devotedness, that I could not regret a vow which ensured me the right to protect her from the cold tempests of the world. Besides, we were both young and full of hope, and I trusted some fortunate event might occur which would yet allow us to be united with the concurrence of her friends.

"Uncle is suspected and watched by the colonial authorities," said Beatrice, as we parted, "and I fear me that he is linked in with some of those who have designs against the state. I tremble to think what might be his fate if detected in any conspiracy to restore the king's authority."

"Fear not, dearest," I replied, "I will interest Col. Moultrie in his favor, and besides, your uncle must see the danger of any such attempt at present."

"And yet I have fearful forbodings."

"Cheer up, sweet one, he has nothing to dread. But now I must go. God bless you Beatrice!" and I kissed her fervently.

She murmured something half inaudibly, returned my parting embrace with a sigh, and, while a tear stood in her eye, waved a final adieu with her handkerchief. In an hour the schooner had sailed.

We had been at sea but a few days, having run down the Bahamas in that time, when we spoke a French merchantman, and obtained from him the intelligence that an English ship, with a valuable cargo and a large amount of specie, was then lying at the port of ———, in one of the smaller islands. She was well armed, however, and carried the crew of a letter of marque. But the skipper instantly determined on attempting her capture. Accordingly, we bore up for the island within an hour after we had spoken the merchantman, and having a favorable breeze to second our wishes, we made the low headlands of the place of our destination just as ...

From the Lady's Book for August.

Birthday Stanzas to a Friend.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Be happy.—Many a year hath fled,
Since first thine infant sigh
Brought gladness to thy parents' heart,
And rapture to their eye.
Yet each hath taught the speaking brow
New beauties to reveal,
And all have spar'd to touch the grace,
That time is prone to steal.

Be happy.—Many a joy hath sprung
And blossom'd at thy tread,
And every sweet affection flung
Its wreath around thy head;
And may the year that now for thee
Unlocks its garner'd store,
Pour richer treasures on thy soul,
Than all that went before.

Be happy.—Many a thought of love
To thee doth fondly turn;
And at thine image, many a breast
With grateful incense burn;
So, therefore, on thy birthday morn,
O'er leagues of land and sea,
This lay, warm-springing from the heart,
Doth wing its way to thee.

London, 1841.

From the Ladies' Companion, for August.

Manoeuvering;

Or, First and Second Love.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Is that the doctor's gig, Mary! Quick, arrange these pillows, and throw that rose-colored shawl on the arm of the sofa—not there, you stupid creature; fling it carelessly, so that it may reflect its faint glow upon my cheek."

The speaker was a delicate and pretty woman, who in the dim light of a judiciously shaded apartment, seemed to have scarcely numbered her five and twentieth summer, though the broad glare of daylight might have discovered the fact that some *ten* additional years could be counted among her past possessions. Reclining on a couch, supported by lace-bordered pillows, with the folds of her white dress so disposed as to display the symmetry of her figure, while one small and delicately slippered foot was allowed to peep out as if by accident, she really looked exceedingly interesting. Hastily concealing the novel she had been reading, and ...

... tor Selwyn, however, never forgot his business—he grasped the wrist instead of the soft rosy palm, and thrusting his box into his pocket, he rose to leave the trembling patient.

"Your present agitation convinces me, madam," said he, "that you are a little nervous; allow me to recommend a few drops of sal volatile in a glass of water. I will call again to-morrow, since you desire it, and this afternoon I will send you an assafœtida pill, which you will be so good as to take upon going to bed."

With these words the doctor bowed and withdrew, but as he descended the richly-carpeted stairs, there was a lurking smile on his usually grave countenance, while an arch expression of merry malice glittered in his dark eyes.

"An assafœtida pill," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up from her graceful attitude of grief, as the hall-door closed behind the doctor "an assafœtida pill indeed! upon my word, Harry Selwyn has become a perfect brute. Well, well, patience must do what one stroke cannot accomplish. He loved me in the days of his early youth, and I do not despair of winning him yet. *Oh, if forethought were only as wise a counsellor as afterthought*, how many errors we should avoid in this world. Who could have dreamed that Harry Selwyn, the playmate of my childhood, the awkward college-boy who made love to me so fervently and yet so pedantically, would ever have become the favorite of a fashionable coterie! Fifteen years have passed away since we were romantic lovers—alas! for the flight of time—yet it seems to me but yesterday since I wandered with him around the lovely scenes of his native Woodlands. I wonder if he ever felt resentment towards me for the sudden disruption of our intimacy—it is true, we were not betrothed, but every thing that love could dictate, save the final vow which binds heart to heart for life, had been uttered; and this only remained unspoken because Harry was too poor to wed. Ah, me! my soul used to vibrate to his voice, as it has never done since to any joy or sorrow in existence.

"No more—no more—oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew!"

The pure fancies of girlhood have long since been forgotten amid the glittering gauds of worldly vanity. I chose my own course, and if my path has been one of thorns, it has at least led me to the hill-top which I sought. I sacrificed the best years of my life for gold, and now my gold and my still fair face shall win back the lover of my youth. I will bear the honored name of him whom men delight to praise, and now, though my youth be past for ever, I will slake, from the long sealed fountains of affection, the thirst which has been to ...

... which is to bear us to Woodlands is now waiting my return, allow me to offer you—my adieus."

From the Northern Light.

A Forest Nook.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A nook within the forest; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower.
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume tipp'd with its pale green points;
The hemlock shows its border freshly fring'd.
The smoothly scallop'd beech leaf, and the birch
Cut into ragged edges, interlace.
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropp'd its dark, long cone.
The scorching glare
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things; the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower
Fans his rich velvet form: the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp; and like a flake of fire
The red-bird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overheard
In the thick green betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry—on yon highest bough
Sits the gray squirrel in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage.
The insect-tribe are here: the ant toils on
With his grain burthen; in his netted web
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks

...

That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty, and that God hath form'd
All, from the mountain wreathing round its brow
The black cars of the thunder, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepest forethoughts and severest care.
And thus these noteless, lowly things are types
Of his perfection and divinity.

Albany.

From the U. S. Magazine, for August.

Death in the School Room.

A Fact.

Ting-a-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village-school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols' garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, nothwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, was seated within.—As the stripling stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crush- ...

... "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell me the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come:—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more than if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village-school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow the disease; but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if she should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now elapsed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. ...

... to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dismission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the ...

as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The corner stone of the monument is placed, and long years pass in his fancy, in the silence, the loneliness, and sorrow his tomb; and now he is at the grave, and the sexton, and with the earth at one of the bearers touched the child's cheek, and his sympathies were aroused by a voice of unearthly fall tone. The boy then asked if the dead person been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite stiff, and the sexton replied that he had been in the ground some time, and began to shovel in the earth. Death was in the school-room, and Edgar Poe had been fingering a cameo.

W. W.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be under obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now completed, and we wish to start, uninterfered by back indebtedness. For the accounts still in arrears, we intend to take a *fair* start together and see who shall first arrive in the race. We *shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

Gems of the Magazines.

We omit, this week, the publication of an ORIGINAL STORY, in order to devote the whole of our two outside pages to *The Gems of the American Magazines for August.* This is a feature which will give the present number of the Post unrivalled popularity, the public can then obtain the choicest articles from the Magazines almost, if not quite, as soon as they would if they were subscribers to the several periodicals from which we have made extracts.

New Postmaster.

George H. Wilson has been appointed Postmaster at Germantown, Pa., in the room of George Hoegebaumer, Jr., Esq.

Mr. Wilson entered upon the duties of his office, on Monday.

It is said, by those who know Mr. Wilson, that this is an excellent appointment, and must give general satisfaction.

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27 Messrs. Bradbury & Soden, of Boston, Mass., will forward the names and subscription money of any of our Eastern friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

Case of McLeod.

It is now generally admitted that this individual will be tried at Utica at an early day, when his guilt or his innocence will be determined by a legal tribunal. The present opinion has been lately in favor of his innocence, but if the facts in the following passage from a speech recently delivered in Congress, by Mr. Ingersoll, of this city, be true, the contrary would seem to be the case.

"Let me add, sir," says Mr. I., "as a circumstance of just importance and aggravation in the case, that, contrary to this assertion[1], each name he has become shamed, and contrary to the reiterated intimacy of British diplomacy and American confidence, McLeod is guilty. I am assured, on the best authority—it ought to be indictable to me here to name the gentleman from whom I derive my information—that McLeod is, to a New York, of the highest standing and character, whose name I have not the least objection to give to any gentleman that will think proper privately to ask me for it —that there are scores or eight unimpeachable witnesses, who depose that they were present on the Canadian side, and was McLeod, with arms in his hands, rushed with the rest of the boarders, who crossed over from Canada with the avowed purpose of rallying the Canadians. These same persons were present when, together with the other captors, he entered shot scored, and with some of the booty, and heard him then utter the loudest and wicked boast that he had helped to kill the Yankees.—Death I am informed to the proof of his guilt. That of his innocence proceeds, I am assured by the same authentic source, from the testimony of two women of bad character, a mother and her daughter, who undertook to prove an alibi."

In connection with this, and in order to show what are the feelings and views of the loyal people of the North across the line, we present our readers with the following resolutions, cut from the New York Evening Post, published in St. John. The marks of *italics* is ours.

Hurrah! To Rescue of Noble McLeod.

To the rescue, Canadians, and Britons, too, bold

Call the Lion of England to succor and rule;

By the bone and the sinewth Yankee that he

If he will,—shall murder a son of the free!

By the blood of our fathers! can this be allowed!

No! up in the rescue of gallant McLeod!

Yes! up in one standard, and quick come the host

Let the flag of the proud scathe patriot blood

Turn ye cowards and craven, your wrath will be then

Hearest for the first who shall lead to Lockport

Ye Champions of Loyalty! come to a head!

Rouse up to the rescue of gallant McLeod!

Across the wide waters we cleanse you the cheer,

Would our patriots were with you to answer an ear!

But though tossed the Atlantic, on both sides its wave

Gallant hearts ever beat for the gallant and brave.

Ye have sworn to high Heaven the foe of the President proud

Shall wipe out the blood of the murdered McLeod.

Like the patriot sturdy's tombers, our Bodies shall rise

From the soil of Columbia these outrage cause;

Aye! on-sides! in quarters! they're trembling with fear

And those hearts never united from the hour they were sworn;

Make deadly reprisal for murdered McLeod.

Really the similar individual must think himself, as Sir Andrew Agnecheek says, very "ensinuing of form," or he would not thus "tremble slaughter and vengeance" against our Americans. However, we hope the evening winter will cool his ardor. Certainly, if Mr. Ingersoll is correct, there will be little chance of the war he so earnestly deprecates which this fellow seems so much to favor.

Military Encampment.

It is proposed to hold a military encampment, by fortnight, in this State, on the 16th August next, and the Gazette of that place says it promises to be the largest ever held in the State. Companies from the remote counties in the State, Dauphin, Cumberland, Adams, Lancaster, Chester, Columbia, Northampton, and from the city of Baltimore, dedicated to constitute an immense military assemblage, have already signified their intention to be present. It is expected also that some of the best companies of Philadelphia will add their numbers. The encampment will be under the command of Major Hambright, of Lancaster. The Governor of the Commonwealth and aide-de-camp Adjutant General—Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson of Philadelphia city, and aide—Maj. Gen. Samuel Alexander, of Cumberland, and aide—Gen. Peter and Gen. Goodwin, of Philadelphia, and General Keim, of Reading, have already accepted the invitation or the committee. At a recent encampment in Dauphin, the whole State Kentucky, Virginia and Pennsylvania assembled together, and made one of the most imposing be made on a parade ever there. The encampment at York promises to be equally brilliant in its character.

Apprentices' Library.

The Institution has been established on a permanent foundation, without many appeals to public sympathy, and has for a long time been the source of immense advantage to society by affording an intelligent reading to a class of youth whose precarious position was, so far as regards mental improvement, greatly to be deplored. The foundation of this valuable Institution is now permanently laid, and nothing is wanted but increase of revenue to extend to every apprentice in the city the advantages which have been so profusely supplied to a portion.

Without attempting any account of the rise, progress, and present system of usefulness of the Apprentices' Library, we would invite those who look at how are arrangements and the new location, and if all is, so we are sure it will be found, full of interest to every friend of youth, and suggest to them the thing most will engage, the prosperity of increasing the means of doing good.

The Library is now in the second story of the Friends' Quaker Meeting House," corner of Fifth and Arch street, and we understand that the moderate rent demanded for the present room is the privilege here the Trustees of the Church, to be expended in books for the Library.

Wooden Pavements.

We have since learned why the wooden pavements laid down in our city are not as durable as those laid down in other cities, here and on the continent of Europe. In those there pavements remain for years, and even in Boston they seem more durable than in Philadelphia. The London Chronicle of a late date observes:

The wood pavement in front of Whitehall has now been tried more than two years, and succeeds admirably. Some days ago a considerable portion of it was raised to make an alteration in the gas-pipes, and the bed of concrete on which the wood rests, and the joist which rests the blocks, were found as entire and sound as when the pavement was *laid down.* The alteration which has taken place on the wood for the two years does not exceed the eighth of an inch.

All this proves certainly the superiority of the manner in which the blocks are laid in Europe. Cannot equal steps be pursued in Philadelphia?

Sweet Appreciation.

We had an opportunity of witnessing, not long since, the presentation of the hero on board the North Carolina, by the ladies of Philadelphia, and we were much pleased with the ability of the many appropriately spoken than on that occasion. Mr. Hemphill, in behalf of the ladies, presented the gallant Lieutenant, Commandant of the Navy, but if he had *done nothing* other than form ed this station, he would deserve well of his country.

It has long been a reflection, that the Navy officers are the only key merchant seamen, but the most of our brave sea manned chiefly by foreigners—and English, seamen have never been properly rewarded than our sailor in the last war items considerable to the bravery of officers on our side. As long, then, as the great body of our seamen are foreigners, the same boast will be thrown in our faces. But though the evil has been deplored by many of the ablest men in the country, and though for my remedy, which has at length been applied, was suggested years ago, it was reserved for the late Secretary of the Navy to put in active operation the general principle of training apprentices for sea.

But, however, beneficial this system may prove as a school for native seamen, there is another light in which it can be viewed, with equal, if not more, gratification. In the navy, as in all our gross cities, a lamentable number of boys, whom either early destitution, or a want of proper moral culture, has initiated into the ways of vice. These youth have been a heavy charge to the country from crime. It is the interest of the state, moreover, to undertake this reformation; for if left to themselves they will eventually become hardened criminals, and thus be a tax on the State. Philanthropic institutions have accordingly been founded in which to receive these outcasts and Houses of Refuge, erected for this purpose, rear their heads in most of our States. They have only, however, been partially successful. The evil is deep yet but half way. They cut off the youthful criminal from society, but they leave a stigma on him from which he can never forgive. This is a feature which will give the present number of the Post unrivalled popularity, the public can then obtain the choicest articles from the Magazines almost, if not quite, as soon as they would if they were subscribers to the several periodicals from which we have made extracts.

Sons Nothing.

One of our friends, who has just returned from the south, speaks in the highest terms of the steamboat Lexington, which plies between New York and Stonington Branch. The splendor of the boat's accommodations, being unsurpassed by any, and having an extensive travel, she is crowded with passengers every night. Among the passengers in the steerage, on board the Lexington, on Monday night, and one ready to take. The cabin is excellent, and the company perfect. For fishing, sailing, or bathing, the place is unrivalled. In short, those who have passed a few weeks on the sea-shore, apart from the noise and dissipation of the city, cannot but lament their yesterday our obliging host, Friend Woolley.

Pennsylvania Canal Tolls.

The Pennsylvania *spirit*, notwithstanding the continued depression of business, and the entire loss of tolls on the Portage Railroad, for nearly two months, is up to the mark in the Spring, (owing to breaches) the revenue from the canals and railroads of Pennsylvania exhibits an increase over the collections of last year. From the 1st of November till the 22d of July, the receipts have amounted to $700,870 01; same period last year, $605,449 78. Increase this season $53,600 23. The tolls on the Delaware division, for 1840, for the same period that the navigation thereon has been unobstructed by ice, have amounted to $46,979: so that but for this interruption, the increase would have been at least $70,000.

New York State Credit.

A few days since, says the Albany Argus, the State officers invited sealed proposals for a loan of some $200,000. Offers were made by a house in New York, of $101 and upwards, for $100 stock, and the proposals were filled with a trade; but in the eyes of too many he might as well have come from the Penitentiary. He is now the Governor elect of the State.

The difference to the State, on the amount to be borrowed this year, between the rates of 1833 and the present price of State stocks, is about $1,500,000.

The State Loan.

On Monday, the holders of the Pennsylvania State Loan, received their half yearly dividends at the Bank of Pennsylvania. We regret to find that the gallant faith of our native State has not again been tarnished. It may be agreeable to many persons to learn, that nearly $600,000 have already been paid into the treasury of the north of the Susquehanna, and that the whole of the next year will be duly divided, falling due in February, 1842. This is as it should be. The credit of the State is good, and the honor of the Keystone of the Federal Arch, should be preserved inviolable.

Suspension in Michigan.

The Attorney General of Michigan, Z. Platt, Esq., is reported to a call for his opinion upon the late operation of the Suspension Law, passed last winter, says there has been had no information that any bank had complied with the requisitions contained in the eighth section of said act, he is therefore of opinion that "no bank or branch bank in the State of Michigan is now in a state of legalized suspension."

Flour and Tobacco.

According the Baltimore Sun, the inspection of flour and tobacco for the month ending the 30th ult. was 7,945 half bbls. wheat flour, 76 bbls. rye do, and 24 half bbls. corn meal. During the same time there were inspected 908 hhds. of tobacco, 3 of which were from Mary. land, and 304 from Ohio, and 19 from Kentucky.

Joltings of Travel.

The Red Rover[2]—Destruction of the Steamboat Caledonia—Shipwreck of the Thunderer—reported capture of the Lexington—opinion of the Providence Journal, &c. &c.

NEWPORT, R. I. August 2d, 1841.

Here we are, again on classic ground, after a week's ramble in the highest towns of the mountains of Connecticut, and in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. The pleasures of the home excursion, being unalloyed by fear, and having an extensive travel through a country abounding in the most picturesque scenery, have been of the highest order. Of the perils of the sea, moreover, to our unfolding of hands

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance—$3 if delayed for six months.

Postmasters are requested to fund these letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please direct their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only to the option of the Publishers, unless ordered before.

Small Bank Notes of all solvent banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, at times when it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They will kindly oblige us more particularly by doing so.

"A person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to one copy gratis.

Postmasters must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which, in order to the alteration.

Traveling Agents.

27 John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Post and Gleason's Pictorial Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers in that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

27 Mr. Lewis is our general traveling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stone and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents to whom they may call will please pay to or by meeting with them.

27 Thomas Sutton, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will please to settle their accounts or renew as he may direct.

27 C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorized to collect and receive from subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Stanley.

27 R. G. Eaton and L. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

27 W. S. Mason, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

27 S. H. Stuckman and John F. Jonkson for Kentucky.

27 S. Johnson for Tennessee and Louisiana. Subscribers who may be trained upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts as above.

27 F. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price paid for.
163 shares United States Bank	87 1/8
12 do. Reading R. R.	47 3/8
116 do. do. (Girard)	47 1/4
17 do. Western Bank	87
7 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	87
1 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank	85
7 do. Mutual Fire Insurance Co.	42
10 do. American Fire Insurance Co.	47 1/2
5 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	50
50 do. Phenix Insurance Co.	45
5 do. Delaware Insurance Co.	50
$500 Bonds do. 1839	78
$700 do. do. 1839	78 3/4
$1461 do. do. 1834	79

Congressional News.

Washington, July 28, 1841.

When I closed last evening, the Senate was engaged on the amendment of Mr. Clay to the Bank bill, proposing to strike out the clause relative to the branching power, and insert one requiring the assent of the State to the location of a branch, but *inferring an assent to* it after the lapse of a certain time, if not previously constitutionally dissent.

After debate, the amendment was agreed to—yeas 25, nays 24. The bill as amended was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The morning hour was taken up, read a third time and passed—yeas 28, nays 23. The Senate then adjourned.

In the House of Representatives a bill was reported by Mr. Fillmore, making appropriations for the salaries of foreign ministers. It was read twice and referred.

Mr. Long, the delegate from Florida, presented two bills, one making appropriation for the continuance of the war in Florida, and the other providing for the survey of Florida and Georgia of Indian boundary. Both bills were read twice and referred.

About fifty members attempted to squeeze in petitions, resolutions &c. but without effect.

The House then went into committee, and took up the tariff bill. Messrs. Saltonstall, Ingersoll, Cushing, Hastings, and others, talked their hour, after which the committee rose.

A call of the House was then ordered.

In the Senate, the bill for the Bank charter making appropriation for a Home Squadron, was rejected with an amendment.

The House bill, making appropriation for the payment of Naval Pensioners, was also reported.

A number of other reports were made in favor of the system of telegraphs, a model of which was sometime ago placed on the Senate chamber, which, however, we know not what point.

The Civil Pension Bill was taken up in committee of the whole, and debated until two o'clock. It was then postponed until Friday next.

The bill for re-chartering the banks of the District of Columbia, was next taken up, and debated until a late hour, when it went over. The Senate then went into executive session.

Washington, July 30, 1841.

In the House this morning, the Journal of Thursday was called up, and debated by Messrs. Wise and Fillmore until twelve o'clock. At that hour all debate ceased, and the question was taken on the motion to approve the same.

An amendment proposing to except ten and collect from the twenty per cent duty, was rejected.

After the journal had been read, the report of the amendments, most of which were rejected, the committee rose and reported the bill to the House.

The previous question was then moved and seconded. A motion was made to lay the bill upon the table. The result was—yeas 93, nays 123.

The question upon the amendment of the whole were then concurred to, and the question being on ordering the bill to a third reading, without debate, it was so ordered.

In the Senate, the House bill making appropriation for the support of a Home Squadron was taken up and passed.

The District Bank bill was next taken up, and after some debate, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, the banks to incur the notes of suspended banks until the 1st of March next.

The Senate then adjourned to Monday.

Washington, July 31, 1841.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing an inquiry into the cost and expediency of the plan suggested in fitting out armed steamers, and for selecting dock yards on the lakes, lakes, and the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Bankrupt bill was read twice, and referred to the committee of the whole.

The Tariff bill then came up for a third reading, and will be passed by the time I write to you. A motion was made to recommit the vote, but without effect.

Before the vote was taken, Mr. Cushing moved to change the title of the bill by calling it "A bill to violate the compromise act, and to destroy the credit of the U. S." Bullock, of Pa. moved to add the words "And let a tax on the products thereof be made to meet the contemplated deficiency in the Treasury, arising from the anticipated distribution of the proceeds of the public domain for the benefit of such robbers, loan holders and speculators." The amendments were rejected, and the House adjourned.

Washington, Aug. 2, 1841.

Senate.—Mr. Wright presented a memorial, signed by the Chamber of Commerce of New York remonstrating against the passage of the Bankrupt bill, now before the House. The memorial was referred to the Committee of Finance.

A memorial upon the same subject from merchants at New York was also presented and referred.

Also the proceeding of the citizens of New York at the Castle Garden meeting in behalf of the Bankrupt bill.

The Clerk of the House brought up a Bill from the House to change the time of holding the courts—and the Bill which passed on Saturday in relation to Military Land Warrants. The Bill to establish a Navy Yard at Dunbarton, on motion of Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, has its first and second reading, and is referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Bill having reference to the time for the issue of Land Warrants to Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Calhoun presented a memorial from the citizens of Cumberland County, Va. upon the agitating questions of the day, which memorial concluded a Resolution, which said said it should be repealed as soon as the opponents of the Bank Legislation had the requisite appeal. The Bankrupt Bill Scheme was also denounced and the Extra Session of Congress condemned. The Bank Bill was declared unconstitutional, and the Distribution plan also the base particulars for the support of the bill. On motion of the memorialists, it was designed to re-establish the American system.

Mr. Calhoun said that he should only add to the remarks of the Petitioners the question of the Bank Resolution did not enter into the recent contest which resulted in the election of the present Chief Magistrate, Martin Van Buren. The mass of the people did not contemplate the establishment of such an institution.

The said memorial was then were read and laid on the table. After reading.

Mr. Henderson rose to enter our fact in the memorial to reference to a U. S. Bank—declaring the U. S. Bank unconstitutional, and appealing to the records and journals of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He contended that the unconstitutionality of the Bank was an assertion not only not proved, but not attempted to be proved at the present extra session of Congress. We had heard the assertion of the Chair made, seen it in the public papers, but it had not been proved and could not be proved. Whenever it was attempted, he should undertake to show that the Bank was constitutional, and a measure clearly intended by the Constitution.

Mr. Clay, of Ala. Mr. Shepherd and Archer continued the debate.

The vote upon the engrossment of the District Bank Bill was then taken, and the Senate refused to engross it—yeas 23, nays 25.

The Postal-cutter Bill was next considered and was the subject of discussion.

Hayne.—Mr. Sergeant of Penn., as Chairman of the Select Committee upon the subject of the currency, moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union upon the Bill, to establish "a Fiscal Bank of the United States."

Mr. Sergeant said that the Speaker called Mr. Clark, of N. Y., to the Chair, and the bill from the Senate was taken up for consideration.

The first hour of the session was devoted to the discussion of the Bank question—the last portion of which was confined to the details.

Mr. Sergeant, in conclusion of his remarks, showed why the institution should be maintained and respected it because a law of the land. The action of the Government would be to time to come as it had been in the past. No officer of the Government in the face of the decision of the Supreme Court would dare to refuse the execution of the law under it. No marshal would set aside the decision on either.

The floor was given to Mr. McLellen, of N. Y., who moved to strike out the enacting clause for the purpose of making a more general speech in opposition to the Bill. Mr. McLellen objected to the Bank Bill with the Loan Bill, and that with the Revenue Bill; and that with the Distribution Bill. All, he said, were connected in such a manner as to form a splendid scheme of binding, and an immense National Debt. They were all parts of the Hamilton Code. The names of the authors of the scheme of the most distinguished citizens of New Orleans. The co-operation of the clergy and the press was hopeful.

Nayal.—The Norfolk Beacon states that the broad pennant of Com. Morris was hauled down from on board harbor at the same time on Wednesday last. They were Com. Morris and Lieut. Dulaney, the one and the latter to the Pennsylvania, and Com. Morgan's to the Java.

Another Quilt of Song.—Mad'lle. Euphemie Berghese, a celebrated cantatrix, and who has filled the part of *prima donna* in the Opera House at Naples, at the Opera comique at Paris, and of the Italian Opera House at London, is in this country, and intends to give a series of concerts.

White Lake in Ireland.—In the reports for 1840, issued in 1841, and reprinted in 1842, it is stated that 3,710,000 of acres still remained in a state of primeval uncultivation.—3,630,000 of bog 80,000 of lake, and of uncultivated mountain, and the rest of general quality.

Michigan.—A gentleman from Michigan writes that the surplus wheat product of that State will be this year 2,500,000 bushels. The surplus pork, 500,000 barrels. If this be so, what an immense transportation business will be done on the Erie canal next fall and spring.

The Weathers Fire.—A Committee appointed by the citizens of Washington to collect funds for those exposed to the public, soliciting and in behalf of the suffering sufferers, have which recently destroyed the best part of that village.

The Levee.—The N. O. Bee of the 23d says—letter had been received from Galveston, still glorious, and the opposite side of the river. The slide has extended a number of inches, and the depth of the water where the cut-ing is occurred, is 21 feet deep."

A Live Lion.—Mr. William Hoover, a respectable and industrious citizen of Hagerstown, Md. was killed on Thursday last, by falling from a scaffold which broke down—a stone of three hundred pounds weight fell upon him and crushed him.

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A Good Joke.—We know an editor not a thousand miles from Boston who has a friend in Cincinnati, and who, by and with the advice and consent of his better half, recently had his shadow shaved clean off. The joke is a good one, and the part of the office wherein it was done, and demanded his papers. The clerk did not know the gentleman, and refused to give them, saying he would send an order for the contents of his box! We told him we would not trouble him for the papers, but insisted upon it, but that we were astonished he did not recognize us. He finally got out our papers, but from the hesitating manner of the clerk, we don't believe he was fully convinced that it was Uncle Sam in disguise. The fact is, the loss of a huge pair of whiskers will alter the appearance of any man.—*Yankee.* [Rather him bare-faced, instead of fear-faced.

Merchant Ruined in Tennessee.—An account is given of the burning, introduced by an office which occurred on the Savannah road, in Warren county, Tenn. It appears that Mr. Hall, the owner of the house, went to the house of a man by the name of Brooks, to arrest him, and while there a serious quarrel took place, in the course of which Brooks came out with his rifle and shot Hall dead. Brooks then fled, and has not been heard of since. The house was burned to the ground, and with it all the notes and accounts of Mr. Hall, which he had recently collected in the course of his business. The loss is said to be very great.

Cathedral on Fire.—The great Cathedral of St. Paul's, London, was on fire on the 23d ult. The fire was discovered at 3 o'clock, and at 4 it was not extinguished with four engines.

Destructive Fire.—Bennett's Bridge, with two factories adjoining and near the village of Nassau, N. Y. was destroyed by fire on Thursday. Loss estimated at $30,000.

The Weathers.—The Logan Gazette says, Col. Johnson, the Weather Prophet, predicts of $14,000 to us the destruction of the crops, and which will produce a famine throughout the whole of the other years to perform.

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General News.

Branch Bank of Illinois Money Reported.—The St. Louis papers of the 23d ult. mention that a letter had been received from Quincy, Illinois, dated the 20th ult. in which it was stated that an enormous rather bad been seen on the 17th ult. on the river, informing him where the money stolen from the Branch Bank at that place was to be found. The information he kept secret until night, and late at night he came into town and called up Gen. Semmes, Mr. Lee and the attorney. He then told the President of the Bank and another gentleman of the circumstance, and they kept the matter until time was allowed him to get to Springfield. The information of the inside the ice is freezing, and the conduct of Col. Mather in the operation not being approved of by the citizens, a public meeting was immediately held, and about fifty men pursued him under whip and spur, thinking to overtake him before he could reach Springfield. The St. Louis New Era says the letter states that H. D Town, the teller, had just been arrested on an affidavit made by Mather, on the charge of the theft. Mather, a few days ago, was arrested by a crowd who talked of lynching, &c. The latter, it is said, expresses the opinion that he will be set against him, although public opinion was the other way.

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Gems of Magazines.

From the Dem. Review, for August.

The Shipwreck.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The good ship on the iceberg struck,
Where northern seas were high,—
And midnight wrapped in ebon veil
The chill and starless sky,—
It struck!—what moment was there then
To waste in sorrow's strife?
When but one bold and adventurous rush
Remained 'tween death and life.

The boat! the boat! it launches forth
Upon the mountain wave,
And leaping throngs, with frantic haste,
Essay its power to save—
A fragile thing, it tossing strove
Amid the wrathful tide,
And deep, unuttered pangs were theirs
Who left that vessel's side.

A moonbeam pierced the heavy cloud,—
Oh, God! what sight was there!
Who stood upon that fated deck,
In calm and mute despair!
A gentle maiden, just aroused
From slumber soft and dear,
Stretched her white arms in wild amaze,
But found no helper near.

In fond adieu, her hand she waved,
As if some friend she blessed,
Then closer drew her snowy robe,
Around her youthful breast;
And upward to the darkened heavens
Imploring glances cast,
While her rich curls profusely fell,
And floated on the blast.

All sudden, from his wildering trance,
A manly form did start,
While a loud agonizing cry
Burst from his laboring heart;
His bloodless lip was deadly cold—
Strange lustre fired his eye—
"How can I bear a brother's name,
Yet leave thee thus to die!"

He plunged—the crested wave he ruled,
He climbed the cloven deck,
And clasped her, as the thundering surge
Swept o'er the heaving wreck;
"Sweet sister, 'tis thy brother's voice—
His cheek is pressed to thine—
Together childhood's path we trod—
Thy last dread couch be mine!"

Still looked the moon with pitying eye,
All lone and silent down,
Encircling them with holy light,
As with a martyr's crown,
Then shrank behind her fleecy veil;—
Hoarse shrieked th' impetuous maid;
The deep sea closed—and where were they?
Ask of the angel train!

Ah! noble hearts that night were whelm'd
Beneath the billows high,
And temples white with honored years,
And woman's love-lit eye,
And clinging to its mother's breast
In visions soft and deep,
Unwakened innocence went down
Amid the pearls to sleep.

The slumberers—they who sank that hour,
Without a struggling breath,
With whom the unbroken dream of life
So melted into death—
Say, turned they not, in deep amaze
To seek the scene of time,
When first eternity's dread shore
Spread out in pomp sublime!

Wo, wo was with the living heart!
In many a smitten home,
Where, in the garniture of grief,
The weeping inmates come,
Round many a lonely hearth-stone,
Shall Memory's touch restore
The image of the loved and lost,
Who must return no more.

The eye that saw that monster-mass
Come drifting darkly down,
Destruction in its wintry breast,
And on its vitreous crown,—
The ear that heard the deadly crash,
The thunder of the wave,
Can never lose the bitter trace,
But in the oblivious grave.

The rescued man, to listening groups,
Shall tell the fearful tale,
And mute affection clasp his hand,
And childhood's cheek be pale,
And while, with quickened heart, they bless
The great Deliverer's care,
The iceberg and the buried ship
Shall prompt their tearful prayer.

From the Lady's Book, for August.

Badgebury.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you, Charles, you must marry a woman of fortune, and what objections can you make to Miss Whitehead?" said Mrs. Badgebury to her young son, perhaps for the fiftieth time, "what objection to a woman who has five thousand a year in her own power—no one to control her?"

"Why, only just these few objections, madam!—She is old—she is ugly—she is ill-tempered, and she is intolerably ignorant as well as insolently proud."

"Proud, indeed! I like to hear your father's son talk of pride. You, who because you are descended from John de Badgebury, think yourself equal to the nobles of the land."

"There is a generous pride in the good name of one's ancestors," said Charles Badgebury, with pardonable warmth, "that is almost a virtue. But for a woman to be proud because her father scraped money together by means the most unworthy—if not dishonest—"

"Well! well! we will set that aside; people must not be too scrupulous when they are poor. Miss Whitehead is but five or six years older than you are, and as to beauty—I had not much beauty, nor was I very young, and yet your high-born father found it very convenient to marry me."

"But was he happy, madam?"

This was perhaps a thoughtless question, arising from the irritation of the moment, but it was a home stroke that roused Mrs. Badgebury's ire, and thrown off her guard by the intemperance of passion, she poured forth a narrative just calculated to wound the feelings of her high spirited son, while it plainly showed him the abyss that opened at his feet.

"Happy! Yes, he might have been happy, if he had been wise! But he chose to be angry that I held the strings of the purse that I brought him. People said that he pined after a former flame, that he had left in India, or that some one there—some one jealous of his leaving—had given him a slow poison before he came away, which was the cause of his death; but I tell you chagrin was that poison! and he died from vexation that it would not let him pursue his follies, and waste my money as he had done his own; and that I would not even give up the disposal of my money at my death. Who would trust a man, who, when he came home from India with a well-filled purse, spent the whole of his fortune in building a house! Why the very cellars cost him so much that he could not finish the rest, which is the reason why the west wing has never been completed. Ten thousand pounds, it is said, were spent before the walls of the foundation were level with the ground, and if you take a torch and go through the empty cellars, arched strong enough to bear a church, you will believe it; and when all was done, what had he? A fine house and a few hundred barren acres. The farmers will not hire the land, and there it lies useless; I was not going to spend a fortune in manure. And now, young gentleman, let me warn you—my money is all in my own power, and if you will not obey me, I will give it every shilling to your sister. You will then be Charles Badgebury, Esquire, of Badgebury, and its unproductive lands. A noble ancestry—a noble house—and a noble estate!—while your sister will be a match for a lord—with my money!" And the unmotherly woman burst into a loud bitter laugh.

Charles Badgebury covered his face with his hands, and the image of his father, tall, dignified, beautiful and generous, passed before him, touched with all the softening hues of early recollection. He spoke not, and his mother thought he was convinced. She rang a silver bell that stood on a table beside her, and on the entrance of a small black boy, bade him tell a female servant to dress Miss Badgebury and bring her thither.

All this passed in Mrs. Badgebury's dressing-room, the only one in the house in which the architect had sacrificed his taste to the orders of the proprietor; it looked into the garden and its windows were not above three feet from the floor; every other light in the building had its heavy sash frame at least five feet from thence, so that children and short persons were obliged to mount chairs if they wished to get a glimpse of what was passing in the world. An ample dressing-table, covered with thin muslin drapery, its looking-glass decorated in the same manner with the addition of bows of ribands to confine the folds, displayed numerous toilet boxes of Chinese manufacture, whose various shapes might have puzzled a mathematician to define, and an economist to declare their several uses, as the sublimer mysteries of the day were disdained by Mrs. Badgebury, she disdaining the use of lotions, rouge, pearl powder, the numberless brushes now of daily necessity; they were all empty, and like some classes of domestics, kept merely for show. This was, in fact, a room of state, where the lady received her morning visiters. When she did sacrifice to the graces, which was not often, after rising in the morning, a very small closet nearer to her bed-room served for that purpose.

When Mr. Badgebury returned from India—at that time a fruitful soil for amassing wealth—he found his paternal mansion, a long low building, with a large opening near each end, supported by well-proportioned columns, forming an entrance descending by winding steps to the rooms appropriated to the domestics. The surrounding grounds were laid out in the Dutch style brought into fashion by the third William; long avenues bordered by trees, with canals of stagnant water covered over by the broad-leaved water lily. Mr. Badgebury thought himself wealthy, and he was so for the year 1730, when money was of so much more value than at the present day. He determined to pull down the old house and build a new one, and a fashionable architect submitting to his inspection a beautiful elevation from one of Inigo Jones's plans, he immediately gave him discretionary power to commence, without considering the convenient distribution of the interior or once sitting down to calculate the cost, merely stipulating that there should be large convenient cellars.

The mansion rose in all the grandeur of a lofty, three-storied structure, with two wings, the admiration of the surrounding country. The garden front was equal in beauty to the principal one, an immense hall ran directly through the house, with large folding doors at each end, and a superb staircase nearest the garden, stretched its ample length, ornamented by a Corinthian pillar of native oak, of one single piece. A very spacious lobby at the head of the staircase opened on three sides into the principal bedrooms. These two rooms, of little use in themselves, took up so much of the interior as to spoil all the others, two mean parlours, and a few small chambers being all that could be accomplished besides, and these parlours as well as the hall being wainscoted only half way up, looked more like the smoking cabin of a substantial farmer than rooms of state in which Mr. Badgebury was to receive his high-born friends.

The family portraits were all hung in the lobby, with the exception of one large group, such as is described in the Vicar of Wakefield, which looked absolutely small when placed over the hall chimney-piece. In this hall did Mr. Badgebury spend his melancholy hours, pacing its length, and execrating the folly which had led him to sink his whole moneyed property in bricks and mortar. The garden remained in their original state from want of means to alter them, and, as may be gathered from Mrs. Badgebury's short narrative, when he submitted to an ill-assorted union for the purpose of bettering his affairs, he found he had exchanged one evil for another. He lingered through seven years of hopeless dejection, burying his sorrows in his own bosom, and just after the birth of his third daughter, he sunk into an untimely tomb. Two of his children had died before him.

When Charles Badgebury roused himself from his melancholy fit of abstraction, he noticed that his mother's dress was more splendid than was necessary for the morning, and that his sister, now nearly thirteen years old, was seated as usual on the corner of a chair, with one finger in her mouth and one foot stretched out as far as possible, highly indignant at having been compelled to submit to an unusual ablution, and to the wearing a whole frock, two things she held in the greatest abhorrence.

Mrs. Badgebury was perhaps sorry she had said quite so much to her son within the last hour, for she knew his high temper was more than equalled by a keenly susceptible heart. She began in a softer tone to speak of some arrangements she had been making.

"I have at length found a governess for Johanna," said she, "which is a matter of rejoicing to me, for I really cannot pretend to manage her any longer. What with obstinacy and rudeness she wears me out. She climbs trees like a boy. I believe she has not a whole dress in her wardrobe; and as to learning—I am ashamed to think of it—she absolutely detests it. I wish there were colleges for girls as well as for boys, I would send her off directly. I have never yet found a governess that would undertake to teach such a hoyden, nor should I now, but poor parson Beverly is lately dead, and his fine-lady daughter must do something or starve." The silver bell was again tinkled. "Juba, bring me a glass of water."

As Juba entered with the water on a silver salver, a young lady in deep mourning followed him. Mrs. Badgebury's lap-dog barked furiously, and a parrot in a gilded cage, screamed in concert. The stranger stopped in the middle of the room, but without exhibiting the smallest sign of fright or timidity. Juba turned up his glistening eye, and displayed his white teeth, as if he would have said, "Missy! do you come here for pinchy pinchy, or cuffy cuffy?"

Mrs. Badgebury affected great state, and did not move, but when the uproar was somewhat abated, she pointed to Johanna, saying, "There is your pupil, you make take her to the school-room."

Charles Badgebury, with the politeness usual to him, had started up and placed a chair. Miss Beverly seated herself with a graceful inclination of her head, and said, in a mild but firm tone of voice, "I have not yet been informed, madam, what you wish me to teach the young lady?"

"Teach her—why every thing to be sure. Mrs. Arden tells me you understand music, and painting, and languages, and dancing, and philosophy—though I do not know what a woman has to do with philosophy—but as you will be paid for it you must teach it. And she says you are very clever with your needle; that will suit me very well. I shall expect Johanna to be taught every thing!"

"What has Miss Badgebury read, madam?"

"I won't read at all!" roared Johanna, in a voice louder than either lap-dog or parrot, "I hate reading so I do."

"Oh! my dear, but this young person will teach you to like it; and washing too, and dressing."

"She shall catch me, first," said Johanna, and rushed to the door, but the prudent mamma was prepared for this and the door was fast. Johanna thus foiled, stood sulkily with her head against the wainscot.

"Of course, you will dress Miss Badgebury, and take your meals in the school-room?"

Miss Beverly's pale face flushed very deep, but she was spared an answer, for Charles turned an indignant eye on his mother, saying, "While there is a female servant in the house, my sister shall be waited on without troubling Miss Beverly, and while there is a table spread, the lady who condescends to take charge of her mind shall have a seat at it. I am afraid the office will be painful enough without adding to its burthens."

Mrs. Badgebury vented her anger by some very contemptuous glances, and then in honied tones said, "Come, my sweetest Johanna, my darling child—won't you go with this good humored looking young woman, and try to learn to read?"

"No!" said Johanna, stoutly.

"And won't you let her teach you to be a lady?"

"No!—Tom Dunk isn't a lady, and I only want to be like Tom Dunk, to take birds' nests, and set the dogs a fighting, and saw wood."

"Why, my dear, you must not be like a boy. You will have a large fortune, and you must learn to be like me."

"Ah! but the maids say you never was nor never will be a lady, though you had a large fortune."

Here a violent box on the ear of Johanna, put all things in uproar again, and the young lady would have returned the blow with interest if her brother had not withheld her. Happily the announcement of dinner came most opportunely for the cessation of hostilities. Miss rushed, head and shoulders foremost, to the dining parlour, followed by her fond mother, and Charles gave his arm to Miss Beverly, delighted to conduct a woman of her elegance to the once hospitable board of his father, now scantily spread, ill served, and ill conducted by the rich Mrs. Badgebury.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Beverley had been principally educated by her highly gifted father, and though not left so utterly destitute as Mrs. Badgebury had stated, but committed to the care of a female friend, he laid his dying injunctions on her to strive to increase her small income by the exertions of her talents, that she might secure an honorable independence. This situation was the first that offered, and as the untameable Johanna had been carefully kept from the sight of Mrs. Arden, who conducted the negotiation, it was accepted without hesitation. She saw at a glance the extreme difficulty of teaching a child who had been indulged to excess until she became unbearable, and was then cuffed and coaxed by turns. Though Mrs. Badgebury with impatience bore the slightest remonstrance from her son, she was entirely governed by her daughter, who in all combats, whether of the tongue or the hands, usually came off victorious. Coercion of any kind was unavailing. Miss Beverly, with tact surprising for one so young, saw that her only chance of succeeding was to continue the system of indulgence, and by contriving many ways of amusing her pupil, by very slow degrees she began to humanize her.

The injudicious interference of Mrs. Badgebury was yet more trying than the savage manners of the daughter, and her jealousy of another's influence over her more perplexing than either. Johanna and the maids soon found out that Miss Beverly was really a lady, and this drove the vulgar rich woman into the most unwise plan she could have pursued—that of endeavoring to convince her son that this *young woman* had neither beauty, grace, talents, nor virtues, and by this means bringing her various perfections under his daily and hourly notice.

The progress of Johanna in civilization was a matter of astonishment to the whole house, and her growing affection for Miss Beverly enraged the ignorant and arrogant mother. She said it was very odd that a word or look from a stranger should do more than all her entreaties or promises; she forgot that the latter were very seldom kept and therefore never trusted. Her son, too, began to find Miss Beverly's company so attractive, that he was delighted to assist in development of the unknown powers of his hitherto unbearable sister. This was not to be endured, and Mrs. Badgebury, asserting that it was impossible for any kind of learning to go on right out of the school-room, issued orders for the two young ladies to confine themselves to its precincts. Miss Beverly remonstrated, that as Johanna had hitherto been continually in the open air, such strict seclusion would have an injurious effect on her health, even now showing the ill symptoms that arise from unlimited indulgence. This was all in vain; Mrs. Badgebury said a mother was the best judge of a child's health, and of the means of preserving it. The governess begged that, as walking was forbidden, her pupil might ride on horseback as some sort of substitute for climbing trees and sawing wood. No. Money could not be thrown away on horses and grooms. The school-room was large and airy, and if they wanted more room, they might walk in the great hall.

All that could be devised for a growing child, Miss Beverly contrived to put in execution for the now tractable and affectionate Johanna. She tried dancing with the windows of the school-room open, but was shocked to find this regularly brought on a short cough and pain in the side. No part of her studies were made irksome, and many lessons were given *viva voce*, while pacing the hall; and when an evening visit took Mrs. Badgebury away, Charles always made one of the small party. He gradually found that a young woman of eighteen, educated at home, was infinitely his superior in many branches of useful learning, particularly natural philosophy, over which at college he had but superficially glanced. Classical learning was then, as now, thought to comprise the sum and substance of a high education, and Charles Badgebury was struck with astonishment to find his Greek and Latin vanish into nothingness before Miss Beverly's clear perceptions of whatever was good and beautiful in nature, or the practice of the social charities in life.

They were walking one evening when the rays of the declining sun shone full in the windows of the garden front, thus forming the single light favorable to the view of a picture. Miss Beverly asked some questions respecting the large group over the chimney, observing that it was painted by a fine artist.

"It is my great grandfather and his family," said Charles, "his history is interesting, yet not without a parallel in our race. Do you believe in fatality, Miss Beverly?"

"Not in the slightest degree. I believe that all things are wisely ordered and nothing left to chance or fate."

"But what if the same circumstances had occurred for several generations; all equally disastrous as they were romantic, what would you say?"

"That there was an unfortunate combination of circumstances, but not a fatality."

"My family seem to have a spell over them, which they are unable to break. I am placed in the same unfortunate situation with this my noble ancestor;—his son followed his steps, and my own father—beautiful and brave—was not more happy. I am in the wake of these noble vessels, and I also am likely to be wrecked."

"I cannot understand you.—I see here a very handsome man with his beautiful wife and children. What evil could come into such a group?"

"The mother of that gentleman was a titled woman of haughty, imperious temper." Charles blushed as he spoke, and when he went on, it was in a low, tremulous voice. "She insisted on his marrying a rich relation of her own, while his heart was involuntarily fixed on her waiting-maid, a gentlewoman by birth, but so poor as to be obliged to serve a woman no way her superior but in an empty title. He neither revealed his love nor resisted his mother's commands, and thus dragged on a miserable existence till his health was impaired, so that when his wife and mother died, and he was able to give his hand where his heart had ever been fixed, his few remaining years were embittered by continual sickness. The portraits of the mother and his two wives hang in the lobby above, so that you may see the sacrifice he made when he obeyed his proud parent's command."

Miss Beverly was silent, nor did her countenance betray what she thought or felt. Charles went on.

"One would have thought the humble waiting-maid would have learned a lesson from all this, but, strange to say, lovely as she looks, she was more haughty and supercilious than those who had gone before her. Fantastic, vain of her superior beauty, and determined on having no rival in that respect, she chose a wife for her son to serve as a foil to her charms, which it is said she retained, like the celebrated countess of Suffolk, to an extraordinary age. But her extravagance and folly she impaired the family estate, left by her doating husband too much in her own power, so that my father, her grandson, was obliged to go to India to repair his fortune. And thither, I fear, I must go also."

"If you do, I must give you a letter to an uncle of mine, resident at Bombay. I hope he is living, though we have not heard from him lately."

"But tell me, Miss Beverly, does there not seem to be the same fatal spell over us all?"

"What you call a spell, seems to my apprehension a slight want of judgment, or at least, a deficiency in the article of firmness."

"Tell me how?"

"In the first place, this gentleman before us, should not have allowed himself to love so unwisely."

"Ah!" said Charles Badgebury with a sigh, "how could he help it?"

"Well, if he could not help it, he should not have married a woman so widely different."

"Is that your real opinion, Miss Beverly?"

"Certainly it is. A man is unjust to himself and to the woman he marries, if he is sure that he can never love her."

"You give me new life!" said Charles, as if a sudden light had dawned on his mind. "I will work, I will beg, I will starve—but I will not marry where I cannot love."

"Oh, Miss Beverly!" exclaimed Johanna, with somewhat of her former childishness, "I wish you would marry Charles. It would make us all so happy."

Charles, in the excitement of the moment, seized Miss Beverly's hand; but, gently disengaging it, she said gravely; "My dear Johanna, you are too young to know how wrong that would be. Your brother must marry a woman of suitable fortune and equal rank in society."

"Would you have me marry Miss Whitehead?" said Charles, angrily.

"I never would advise persons to marry where they can neither love nor esteem. But like Johanna, I am too young to give counsel on such occasions—too young even to think of them."

"Have you never thought of such subjects, Miss Beverly?" said Charles, looking very anxiously in her face.

"Never—never. I have had too much real trouble to find any time for creating imaginary ones."

Charles was satisfied by the open expression of the most beautiful countenance he had ever seen; a countenance much finer than the portrait before him, in the traits of mental superiority, and a sedate sweetness, arising from a strict regulation of the affections. He could not withdraw his fascinated eyes till the unwelcome sound of his mother's chariot wheels compelled him to leave the hall.

Mrs. Badgebury's own maid had always the charge of watching every one during her absence, and regularly reported all she saw or heard. Had she done so correctly in the present instance, no evil would have arisen, but a garbled statement of whatever passed in the hall whenever her lady was away, and particularly the circumstances of the last evening was well calculated to alarm and irritate in the highest degree. The carriage was ordered early on the ensuing morning, and Mrs. Badgebury drove without delay to the nearest magistrate, on whose heart, as he was a wealthy bachelor, she had long striven to make some impression, and who was her never failing friend in all domestic troubles.

Mr. Meredith was a man of singular humor and shrewdness, who always listened with great patience to the lady's statements, and while he seemed most angry with the petty delinquent, generally found a loophole for escape. He had never been known to punish where there was no crime.

"Ah! Mr. Meredith," said the lady, wiping away a crocodile tear, "here I am again with my troubles. You are the only true friend I have found since poor dear Mr. Badgebury's death. It is a very hard thing for a lone woman to go through a world like this. I am now in worse perplexity than ever. I have got a witch in my house!"

"An old one, madam?"

"Oh! no, sir. A young one—not eighteen."

"A very dangerous age. I have known much mischief done by such witches. Indeed, I never saw an old one."

"I assure you, sir, she has bewitched the whole house, excepting my own maid. A very prudent person Jenkins is. You know, Mr. Meredith, how many times she has saved my property when it has been in danger! How many rogueries she has detected!"

"I know she is a very prudent person in her own affairs, and that she has saved for herself a considerable sum of money."

"Ah! now dear Mr. Meredith, there for once you are mistaken, for I give but small wages and she is quite poor." Mr. Meredith never contradicted Mrs. Badgebury; he only nodded, and she went on. "This vile young woman has bewitched my son."

"Very likely," said he, "I have known such things done before now."

"And all the servants, except Jenkins."

"What—men and maids, too? This is most wonderful."

"All—all, Mr. Meredith. They will fly at the lifting up of her finger. They watch her very looks."

"A very dangerous person, truly."

"But worse than all, she has completely changed my sweet Johanna in every respect; aye, as much as if she had changed her in her cradle. No romping now—no monkey's tricks. You would not know the dear child. I am sure she has given her something to bring all this about. I caught her once laying a white powder over her hands and face; she stood me out that it was only sifted oatmeal to cure chapped skin, but I know better, and I fear she has given Charles some of this. You know there are such things as love powders, Mr. Meredith?"

"Did you ever try them, Mrs. Badgebury?" This was said with so searching a look, that it blanched the lady's cheek. She faultered, and it was some time before she could go on. At length, with her handkerchief to her eyes, she said, "But what alarms me more than all, though I suspect some mischief from so much poring over books and pictures, is, that with a single look she makes Johanna mind me when I speak; a thing she never did in all her life before."

"This is marvellous indeed! I must see this witch!"

"Yes, Mr. Meredith, I intend you shall see her, and to tell you the truth, I want you to assist me in getting her out of the house, without my paying the wages that are due, which would be only encouraging her in her wickedness. Jenkins has showed me a sure way, but I had rather avoid it, for Charles is so full of honor, and generosity, and I know not what, that I am afraid if I take Jenkins's way, he would fire up and expose us all.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

From the Annuals, for August.

The Cabaret.